

New News

~~XXI.~~
XXI.c.

FROM

TORY-LAND



AND

Tantivy-Shire.



L O N D O N,

Printed for S. Norman, 1682.

NEW NEWS

FOR

BOY-LAND

AND

SHIPS.



L. O. M. D. N.

Printed for S. Newman, 1882.

New News

FROM

TORY-LAND, &c.

Great News from *Whitehall* — Great News from *Samm's Coffee-House* — Great News from the *Pall-mall* — Run ye Rogues — Run ye Whores — The Rat-Catcher's just going off — *Cancaro* — What an Age do we live in? What! will ye ne're ha done, Gentlemen? Here's — Noise and Din, Clamour and Fury, Raging and Storming, Hoyday! — Here's Thou Fool, and Thou Knave Thou Rogue, and Thou Rascal Thou ly't, and Thouly't — Hei-go-mad! — *Tantivishire* is all in a flame with Thunder and Lightning — Anathema's and Excommunications; — *Tory-land* is so dismally harrafs'd with Tempests and Hurricanes, that a *Dissenter* can hardly keep his Hat upon his Head, or his Cloak upon his Shoulders. — Here are Your *Thompsons*, Your Prologue-makers, and Ballad-makers, Your *Heracitus's*, and *Roger's*, and the Devil and all — Nay, here's Conjuring too, downright Conjuring in the Language of *Trithemius*, *Tory Whigg*, *Fanatick*, *Tantivyman* — Come up here i'the name of *Sandolphon*, and *Adarniel*, *Hantzeviv*, and *Tzautzeviv* — And what's the meaning of all this? For a Company of *Poltrons*, and Paper-wasters, to get money, and disorder the Kingdom. Who would not be the *Danae* of an *Observer* to be courted in Golden Showres, and all to please

the wanton Fancies, or Politick Ends of some sort of People with the Harlotry of his prostituted Pen.

<i>Imprimis</i> Received	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	
By a Note into <i>Lumbardestreet</i> , Guineys	100	00	00
<i>Item</i> , For burlesquing the Popish plot, and the King's Evidence from the Lords in the Tower	050	00	00
<i>Item</i> , For defending the Protestant Faith better than the Sons of the Church can do, from <i>Cambridge</i>			
<i>Item</i> , More from <i>Oxford</i>	200	00	00
<i>Item</i> , More from <i>Norwich</i>	170	00	00
<i>Item</i> , More from <i>Salisbury</i>	090	00	00
<i>Item</i> , More from <i>Bristol</i>	100	00	00
<i>Item</i> , More by Madam <i>Johannas</i> yearly Tribute	150	00	00
<i>Summa totalis</i>			
	960	00	00

Now mingle all this Money well together, and tell me whether any Vintner or Coffee-man, Mercer, Taylor, or Haberdasher, be so quick-sighted in this Town, as to pick out the Popish from the Protestant Money? or if he should, whether any would be so scrupulous, as to refuse it for the sake of the two *Cross Scepters*? But what's the pretence all this while? The fairest in the World, even *Loyalty* it self; which by virtue of a certain *Crimson Charm*, these *State-Pharisees* would so engross to themselves, as if all true Loyalty were confin'd within the Circle of a *Scarlet Stayband*. Had it not been for an *Observer* and an *Heraclitus*, Heav'n knows what had become of the Kingdom ere this. Had not they stood in the Gap, and rais'd monstrous Plots, horrid Contrivances, desperate Inventions, and providentially discover'd them, when they had done; had not they Erected vast Bulky Piles

Files of Surmises, Leviathan Fears and Jealousies all over the Nation, and then pull'd 'em down again, the Land had been overwhelm'd with *Fanaticism*, and delug'd with *Liberty* and *Property*: God forbid, Gentlemen, but *Faction* and *Disloyalty* should be punish'd with the utmost Rigour of the Law; But for the Loyalty of the greatest part of the Nation, and most considerable for Wealth and Trade, to be blast'd and tainted with the venomous breath of *Mercenary* Scandal and Reproach, what is this but the greatest Disloyalty i'the World, to unrivet the Affections of the People, and Eloin their Allegiance from their Sovereign? Certainly, were Disloyalty such a General Crime, it could not be the bleating of a feeble *Observer*, or a *Shatter-brain'd Heraclitus*, that could stem the Torrent of Universal Resolution. But to come to the point; if Disobedience to the King's Law be an Act of Disloyalty, as no man will presume to deny, I find none more guilty than these *Primroses* of Loyalty themselves. For the King's Positive Law enjoyns, *That no person or persons shall presume maliciously to call or alledge of, or object against any other person or persons, any Name or Names, or other words of Reproach any way tending to revive the Memory of the late Differences, or the Occasions thereof.*

But contrary to this Law, now, put but your Nose into any Company, What's such a one? A *Whigg*, G--dam him. What's such a one? A *Fan*, G--rot him. What's such a one? A *Tantivy-man*. That's well, *He's one of Us*. What's such a one? A *Tory*. The Devil take me, if I did not think him an honest fellow by his looks. Sbud, these *Whigs*, and these *Fans*, they have different Faces from other men. Then cries one, *Would they were all at the bottom of the Sea*. Another wishes for a Discreet Plague, to separate the Sheep from the Goats. Now what is this, but to embroile common Friendship and

and humane Society? which once unhing'd, farewell Law, and farewell all Allegiance. Yet upon this Foundation the *Observer* rears the Fabrick of all his weekly *Ribble-rabble*. *Whiggs* he will have, and *Whiggs* he must have, and who can blame him? For, quo he, no *Whigg*, no *Guiney*.

This King in his Proclamation against vicious, debauched and prophane Persons, dated in the 12th Year of his Reign, is pleased to declare his Royal Will and Pleasure to this effect

There are likewise another sort of men, of whom we have heard much, and are sufficiently ashamed, who spend their time in Taverns, Tipling houses and Debauches, giving no other Evidence of their affection to Us, BUT IN DRINKING OUR HEALTH, and in weighing against all others, who are not of their own dissolute Temper; and who in truth have more DISCREDITED OUR CAUSE, by the License of their Manners and Lives, than they could ever advance it by their Affection or Courage. We hope that they will hereafter become Examples of Sobriety and Virtue. For the more effectual reforming these men who are a Discredit to the Nation, and unto any Cause they pretend to favour and wish well to, We require all Mayors, Sheriffs, Justices, to be vigilant in their Prosecution, &c.

But in contempt of all this, 'tis now, *Dam me won't ye drink the Kings Health?* *Dam me* drink it, or I'll throw the Glass in your Face. Now it being certain that Loyalty does not consist in drinking Tavern Healths, it follows then, that the Peek is not between *Loyalty* and *Disloyalty*, but between *Huzzah-Loyalty*, ranting, roaring, damming, swearing Loyalty, and sober, serious, solid and temperate Loyalty. And that's the Loyalty that will defend the King and Kingdom, though there were ne'er a drop of Claret in the Nation.

His

His Majesty himself was pleased to declare in His Gracious Declaration about *Ecclesiastical Affairs*, p. 5. (and the sayings of Princes are not without a coercive Awe among prudent Persons) *That while he was in Holland, he was attended by many grave and learned Ministers from England, who were lookt upon as the most able and principal Assertors of the Presbyterian Opinions, and to Our great satisfaction and comfort found them persons full of affection to Us, of Zeal for the Church and State, and neither Enemies to Episcopacy or Liturgy, but modestly to desire such alterations in either, as without shaking the Foundations might best allay the present Distempers.*

Sir Mathew Hales left them this *Encomium*, *Many of the Presbyterians had merited highly in the business of the Kings Restauration, and at least deserved, that the terms of Conformity should not be made stricter than they were before the War.*

One would think now that the King might be believed. No: if the King don't understand his own business, the *Observer* and *Heracitus* do: For Mr, L'Estrange confidently avers in one of his late *Observers*, that the * *Presbyterians had no hand in bringing in the King*, 'tis a wonder he did not deny his own name, and shift off Tongue that way, and so have spar'd his silly *Shammer* (*Shamm'd*).

(* See the King's Speech to the Lords July, 27. 1660. for halting the Act of Oblivion.)

Therefore the *Presbyterians* are *Traitors*, and *Fanaticks*, and the Kingdom is to be dispeopl'd with their utter Extirpation. What a loyal *Orlando Furioso* is this, thus to tilt against the publick Declaration and Judgment of the King himself, and the Oracle of his Laws. As if he were a *Guide* to the *supream Magistrates* of the Kingdom, as well as the *inferiour Clergy*.

After all this Gentlemen, pray consider Whether they
that

that will not be confin'd to any Laws, Proclamations or Declarations themselves, are proper Persons to vent their Buffonry against the pretended Disloyalty of others.

But what's become of the Popish Plot all this while ? Oh ! The Triumvirate of *Whigg-hunters* are better employed, than to mouth against that. *Cerberus* has had a *Sopp*, and is engag'd to be quiet; Nay he does as good as confess, he believes nothing of it. For in his *Observer*, N. 92. says *Whigg*, *You alwaies take the pains as much as in you lies to hide the Plot*, To which *Tory* replies, *Not the tenth part upon my faith, as I have done to find it out*. Truly 'twas pity a man should be so be Be-Gad-bury'd in his old Age. Surely never did so wonderful a *Cataract* befilm the Eyes of Mortal Man before. He could find out a *blind Plot* in a *Meal-Tub*, but could not see a Plot that was visibible to the whole Nation. However since His Majesty and his two Houses of Parliament had found it out, he might have had so much manners, as to have believ'd his *Prince*, and his Acts of *publick Justice*, as well as the *Lords i'the Tower*. The to'ther's a profest Papist, and he swears there is no *Popish Plot*, upon the Credit of *Madam Band*, and her Condemn'd-Fellow-Jayl-Birds in *Newgate*. An ill requital of delay'd Justice, For such *Tenants at Will*, to feed the *Press* of a *hungry Varlet* with weekly Lies, and Forgeries. The third a Pusillanimous Mortal, that lies snarling at present only against the Evidence, hoping to come in for a snack in the next *Tower Guinies*, when they shall think him to have credit, or wit enough to serve their turn.

And these are the Loyal Persons, that one would have thought might have chosen a Nobler Theme, to have decry'd the reiterated *Periuries*, *Forgeries*, and *Subornations* of the Papists; to have turn'd their fury against the Scandalous and publick Vindications of their Treasons

and

and Conspiracies, to have maintain'd their Sovereigns Honour, and the Justice of his Supreme Courts of Judicature, and not to leave both him and them exposed to the malevolent inferences and impudent insinuations of his Capital Enemies.

Now what says that Backbiter in Ordinary to the Devil, *Heraclets*? E'ne what you please, 'tis such a pitiful *Wight*, that he is scarce worth taking notice of. He may serve for some Zany to a Mountebank, to *jest* off Medicines for the Tooth-ach to the Rabble in *Southwark*. Or else couple him with some blind Fidler, and send 'em together about the Country to go snips at *Wakes* and *Hobnaye Weddings*. For, Faith, Wine's ill bestowed upon him here in *London*, that does not deserve the weekly *Wages* of a *Penny-post-man*, for a Months *Brain-Work*; were he only meer Fool he might deserve Commiseration, and the reversion of a Changelings Place in some Country *Alms-House*; but the *Serpenting Mixture* being more predominant, he cannot expect it. However some good Friend of his would do well to advise him to give off in time, before his snuff quite stink.

As for Mr. *All-Conceit*, alias Mr. *Steers man* of the *Hen-peckt Fregate*, most men are of opinion, he had better have stock't his Shop with the *Saints Everlasting Rest*, then thus to the shame of his Trade, and the publick disturbance, to run every day Scaperloytering after a Penniworth of Lowfy *Farce*, and the restless, and Pragmatical Employment of being a *Silly Libeller*, and *Common Accuser*; an Employment more fit for a Rascally Informer, or some such *Retainer to the Gallows*. An Employment from which, such *Revolters* from their *Substantial Livelyhoods*, can in the end expect no other kindness, then a Recommendation to the *Under-Beadles* Place i'the Company, or to be *Tip-Staff'd* over the water to keep a Coffee-House i'the Rules.

And now what may the world think of these People, that so tamely, and so easily surrender their *belief*, and *admiration* to the Charms of *Quirk* and *Quibble*; or that can be so blind, as not to perceive with what *different* aims from their Pretensions they drive on their designs, and that so apparently, that there need no more then the *Flashes* of their own fury to discover 'em.

In the first place there is that *Wizard*, *Gadburies Astrological Jargonie*, Printed for the *Loyal Company of Stationers* themselves, stufft from the beginning to the end with nothing but lies, and *Popish Vindication*; and yet neither the *Loyal Observator*, nor the *Loyal Heraclitus* take any notice of it.

Here are *Castlemains Memento's*, and *Staffords Memoires*, publickly Printed, and Sold by *Protestant Booksellers*, to the dishonour, and scandal of the King and Parliament, and yet neither the *Loyal Observator*, nor the *Loyal Heraclitus* take any cognizance of it.

The *Journeymen Prologue*, and *Epilogue-makers* openly deride the Discoveries of Heaven in the Play Houses, and yet neither the *Loyal Observator*, nor the *Loyal Heraclitus* have one word to say.

There is hardly any publick Meeting or Assembly of the People, wherein the bold Emisseries of Pope and Devil do not barefac'd act their parts, and make the *Grand Plot* and *intended Parricide* of Gods anointed, the subject of their merry *Sarcasms*, and the Theams of their *Philistine Pæans*. Popery struts along the Streets openly by Noon-day Sun, and Treason sneers ye in the Face, and twits ye with the *effusion* of *Holy Martyrs Blood*.

Can the *Sons of the Church of England* so Passively hear the Reformed Religion abroad, and all its pious Professors derided, and their Reputation blasted by a Vermin of a *Figure-Caster*, and not give one gentle admonition to their

their *Great Guide*, to bestow one cast of his Office upon so infamous an Enormity?

These considerations should cause a Recoil of over hasty and passionate thoughts; which, were they seriously fixt upon the present Confusions of the Nation, it is impossible that the Libels, the Rimes, the Ballads, the Pamphlets, that at such an unfortunate Conjunction overflow the Nation, and spit their quotidian Venome against the Diffenters, so numerous a Body of the Kings Liege People, and so deeply engaged by all the ties of common Interest, to oppose, and with all their might withstand the Enemies of their Prince and Sovereign, Defender of their Faith, as their own and the Capital Enemies of the Kingdoms Quiet, should ever be imagined to be the inventions of Loyalty, or that the Owners and Contrivers should be guilty but of so much Allegiance, as will outweigh a *Mustard Seed*, let their pretences be never so zealous or high-flown. The *Romish Policy* keeps to no *Maxim* of Christ so close, as to that of a *Divided House cannot stand*; Nor have the Roman Pontiffs studied the Arts of National disturbance so long, but that they well know, that the *Protestant Interest* in England is not to be destroyed but by Self-destruction, which they who under pretence of *Loyalty* make it their business to farther advance, it were to be wish'd they would keep their *Loyalty* to themselves, or practise it in some other Country under some more undeserving Prince.

F I N I S.